

# Good Morning

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The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

"They believe—  
but what believe  
they?"

No. 1—By  
J. M. BARDON

# HINDUISM



Sacred cow has freedom of Indian cities.

HINDUISM or Brahminism is the religion of the great majority of people in India, and its followers probably number close on 250,000,000. In India religion is bound up with race, country and social organisation as nowhere else in the world, and the term Hinduism covers these matters as well as the worship of specific gods.

The task of summarising the beliefs of Hinduism is made difficult by two facts. The first is the extraordinary variety of the gods worshipped. The number has been stated to reach almost a million.

This number becomes more credible when it is remembered that every village has its local gods found nowhere else. Moreover, new gods are continuously in the process of being created. For variety, the polytheism of India has probably been unequalled anywhere in the world, and a mere list of the most important gods, recognised everywhere, would fill several pages.

The second difficulty is that there are really two religions side by side—the simple pantheism and polytheism of the great mass of people, who are content with the outward signs and rituals of worship and the very much more subtle beliefs of the fully initiated, who see the inner meaning behind the outward symbols.

It is, of course, this inner meaning with its subtle philosophy that has in recent years attracted many men and women from the West. They would be repelled by some of the cruder religious practices and corruptions of the true religion which are common in India.

The religion of India is very ancient, and the oldest sacred writings go back at least to 1200 B.C. and possibly to 2400 B.C. The names of some of these writings are familiar to Western students of philosophy—the Upanishads, which are philosophical works, the Sutras, which are "the distilled essence of all the knowledge which the Brahmins have collected during centuries of meditation, and the Puranas, which are of enormous length."

The most ancient of the works are known as the Vedas. Hindu sacred literature is extremely voluminous, contains much great poetry and much wisdom.

The three great gods are Brahma, Vishnu and Siva. Brahma is the Creator, the self-existent force which created the universe out of nothing. Although he is the original god, he has few temples, for he is too remote and impersonal to appeal to the majority of worshippers. These follow either Vishnu or Siva.

Vishnu is the Preserver, pictured on various levels from supreme blissful repose downwards. Siva is generally de-

scribed as the Destroyer, but it is more correct to say he typifies the constant and eternal change of various forms of life.

It is for Siva that the astonishing acts of self-mutilation are practised, and it is to him that thousands of animals are sacrificed in the temples.

The genealogical table of Indian gods is much complicated by the fact that each of these great three has his wives and reincarnations. The wife of Brahma is Lakshmi, typifying plenty. The reincarnations of Vishnu include Rana, the warrior-hero and Krishna, who in turn has many incarnations, of which one is Juggernath, a name that has given us "juggernaut," because of the festival when he is carried on his car.

But these are simply the most widely worshipped of an uncountable number of gods representing the spirit of certain places, of remarkable natural objects, of animals and even stones. To them are devoted a great round of festivals. There are an immense number of sacred objects from the waters of the Ganges, which with confession, give cleansing of sin to cows, banyan trees and ponds dedicated to Siva.

An essential and often misunderstood feature of Brahminism is the caste system, which is both religious and social—it is, in fact, impossible anywhere in India to separate religion, sociology and race.

Caste is a complex matter, but, broadly, there are four great caste divisions. The first is the Brahmins, the priests. The second, the warriors or men of action; the third, the merchants and traders, and the fourth, the general mass of other workers, what in other countries might be called the proletariat.

There are, in fact, some three to four thousand sub-divisions of these castes, each a social unit, specialising in certain kinds of work, confining marriage to their own members and having numerous laws designed to prevent intermingling.

The most distinct of the castes now are the Brahmins. They are the indispensable priests, the expounders of the Scriptures. The principle behind caste is the preservation of purity of descent, purity of religious belief and purity of ritual.

With the passage of time the system has undoubtedly become much corrupted with observance of the letter of the law taking the place of observance of the spirit, but it is not by any means altogether harmful. Some Western religious philosophers, like Gerald Heard, have advocated its adoption in an ideal society with precautions against its abuse.

So far, we have been concerned chiefly with the outward signs of the Hindu religion. Behind these is a religious philosophy, an attempt to answer the age-old questions of who cre-

ated the universe, what purpose it serves, and what Man should do to find answers to his many questions.

This philosophy is expounded in the ancient books and especially in the Upanishads, which since they became available have had considerable influence on Western philosophy. They were composed by different authors, and there is therefore a certain amount of contradiction in them, but all are agreed on certain fundamentals.

These have been summarised as follows. The Ultimate Reality is the Brahma from which the Universe proceeds. It is the only Reality and pervades everything.

But the forms of persons, objects, and even thoughts, which we normally perceive are not real. They are only phenomenal, and have no independent existence. Men encounter difficulties on earth because they look upon their bodily existence as their real life.

A man's happiness depends upon his actions, past, present and future. Everything is the result of its own Karma or past. Karma must be worked out. By living rightly the heart is eventually purified and higher states of consciousness are reached in which a man realises he is identical with Brahma. He loses all sense of "I" and "You."

The doctrine of Karma is difficult for the Western mind to grasp. Kenneth Walker quotes two verses from the Upanishads summarising the doctrine of Karma and Incarnation:—

"When the body grows weak through age or disease, the Self separates itself from the limbs; as a mango, fig, a banyan fruit separates itself from the stalk; man hastens back to birth, goes as before from birth to birth. Whatever his conduct and character in one life, he has it in his next; if good in one, he is good in another; his good karma makes him good, his sinful karma makes him sinful. Hence they say that soul is full of desire. He wills according to his desire; he acts according to his will; he reaps what he sows."

The religions of the East, and especially that of India, are often spoken of as "fatalistic." But, in fact, they imply freedom of will, although Karma cannot be avoided. "By good deeds a man may even destroy evil effects which are to arise in the future, and thus accelerate progress towards the goal of perfection."

We ALWAYS write  
to you, if you  
write first  
to "Good Morning,"  
c/o Press Division,  
Admiralty, London, S.W.1

## Ron Richards' SHOP TALK

TORPEDOES fired from a British submarine as a Japanese submarine-chaser was heading for her at high speed sank an enemy tanker in the Bay of Bengal.

The submarine went deep just in time, and hit the sea bottom, where she lay while depth charges exploded around her. Then the Commanding Officer, Lieut. A. A. Catlow, R.N., brought his ship safely back to her base.

"We were patrolling close to the shore," he said, "when we sighted a medium-sized tanker and her escort, a submarine-chaser, at anchor. I was manoeuvring into a firing position, when, through the periscope, I saw the chaser weigh anchor and start coming towards us."

"I decided I just had time to fire at the tanker, and hung on until the chaser, which was coming at high speed, was less than half a mile away. Then I fired two torpedoes. The explosions were heard at the correct time and there was little doubt that the tanker sank."

"Then we lost no time in getting into deep water. In fact we hit the bottom, and as we lay there, stopped and silent, 13 depth charges dropped close and shook us considerably, but did no serious damage."

"When we were able to come to periscope depth some time later, the tanker had disappeared, and the chaser was close inshore, heading away from us."

AN official Admiralty communiqué says:

During recent patrols in far Eastern waters, H.M. Submarines operating with the East Indies fleet, have sunk a total of 84 Japanese and Japanese-controlled supply ships.

A further five enemy vessels have been damaged by torpedo or gunfire.

Many of these small supply vessels were carrying petrol, ammunition, food and other valuable war material to Japanese forces in Burma and to garrisons stationed on enemy-held islands.

H.M. Submarines have also carried out bombardments of shore installations.

THE "London Gazette" announces the following awards.

"Good Morning" adds congratulations.

For outstanding courage, skill and undaunted devotion to duty in successful patrols in H.M. Submarines:

D.S.O.

Lieut.-Com. Arthur Richard Hezlet, D.S.C. R.N.



Stoker Ronald Joseph Cassidy and Miss Betty Hartley were married at Blackpool on the second day of Ron's leave and remained in the town—the groom's hometown for the honeymoon.

D.S.C. Temporary Lieut. Peter Culen, R.N.V.R.

D.S.M. C.E.R.A. Hugh Douglass Mackintosh, E.R.A. Thomas Kitching, P.O. Lancelot Bernard Slater, and A/S Arthur Edward Charles Howard.

Mention in Despatches. Lieut. Ian Stewart McIntosh, D.S.O. M.B.E., D.S.C., R.N., Temp. Lieut. Frederick Knight Fowler, R.C.N.V.R., P.O. Ronald Pearson, Acting Temp. P.O. George Sweeting Jacques, Acting Temp. L/S Leslie Gordon Maxwell, Acting Temp. Leading Stoker Edward Albert Barker, and Signaller Robert Kenneth Thomas Woodward.

LONDON evening newspapers recently carried this story:

A veteran British submarine commander who won his first D.S.O. in 1940 has earned a bar to it in Far Eastern waters.

He is Commander W. D. Æ. King, who, in 1940, was in command of the submarine "Snapper."

Just before the Germans invaded Norway Commander King took the "Snapper" right into the Skager-

rak and watched the enemy preparations.

When we surfaced and challenged a German ship, the S.S. "Moonsund," she ran up the Nazi ensign because her captain was confident that no British submarine could penetrate into these German waters.

Commander King sank the ship, which proved to be a petrol carrier, with gunfire. Then, at great risk because airplanes and surface craft were coming in to attack, he waited to pick up survivors.

When he returned to England Admiral Sir Max Horton, famous submarine commander of the last war, said: "The rescue of the survivors of S.S. 'Moonsund' was in accordance with the best traditions of the submarine service."

Commander King first joined the submarine service in 1932.

Here's a toast to the happiness and health of Stoker and Mrs. Cassidy—and you can see everybody means it.





# They Dared Niagara

THE recent death of Lord Desborough, the Grand Old Man of many sporting activities, recalls one of his boldest feats—swimming the pool of Niagara below the Falls. To show that his mastery of this turbulent piece of water was no fluke, he repeated the performance.

Swimming Niagara has fascinated people almost since the great Falls were first discovered. The first recorded success seems to be that of Sam Patch, more than a hundred years ago. For good measure he dived into the boiling

By ALEXANDER DILKE

beat the tides and waves of the Channel in a long struggle, was defeated in a few minutes at Niagara. After he had plunged in, the spectators only had one or two glimpses of his head before he disappeared. Possibly his head struck a rock. His body was recovered four days later.



cauldron of water from a height of nearly 100 feet.

He also repeated the feat, to the great profit of those catering for the enormous crowds that assembled to see it!

But the Falls have claimed hundreds of victims—some of them, no doubt, were suicides and did not attempt to swim. They claimed the life of the first man to swim the English Channel. Captain Webb, who

Tight-rope walker Blondin takes a passenger across Niagara.

At one time there was a mania for "shooting" the Falls in barrels. A number of men and at least two women have succeeded. Others have lost their lives.

The record is probably three trips by a waterman of the district, who nearly lost his life on the third. The "trip" takes about 20 minutes, and the "sportsman" can be certain of being turned upside down at least once every twenty

seconds, as well as being buffeted sideways and thrown into the air.

In recent times these stunts, which really served no good purpose, have been banned by the U.S.A., but such is the mania for tilting a lance with Death that men have gone to the Falls secretly, with lookouts to warn of the approach of the police!

In 1928, a French-Canadian from Massachusetts, went over the Falls in a rubber ball with walls three feet thick and a space inside six feet in diameter. U.S. police were waiting to arrest him when he came ashore, but friends towed him to the Canadian side of the river and he was taken out unconscious.

Two years before, a Buffalo chef had the idea of going over the Falls in an oak barrel. In spite of the four-inch oak and the steel lining, the barrel was smashed to pieces on the rocks at the foot of the Falls.

The chef's object in making the attempt was to raise enough money to publish his philosophical works!

Some of the most spectacular crossings of the Niagara Rapids have been made on a tight-rope.

The feat was first performed by the great Blondin, who at that time (1860) lived near the Falls.

He had a rope of more than 1,000 feet suspended across at a height of 160 feet, and performed the feat in front of a huge crowd, which included King Edward VII, then visiting the U.S.A. as Prince of Wales.

Blondin was completely unperturbed, but some of the spectators found the excitement too much for them and fainted, while others refused to look.

To walk across the boiling cauldron seemed difficult enough, but after the initial trip Blondin devised greater and greater difficulties. He crossed with chains on his hands and feet, he crossed on stilts, he crossed with baskets on his feet.

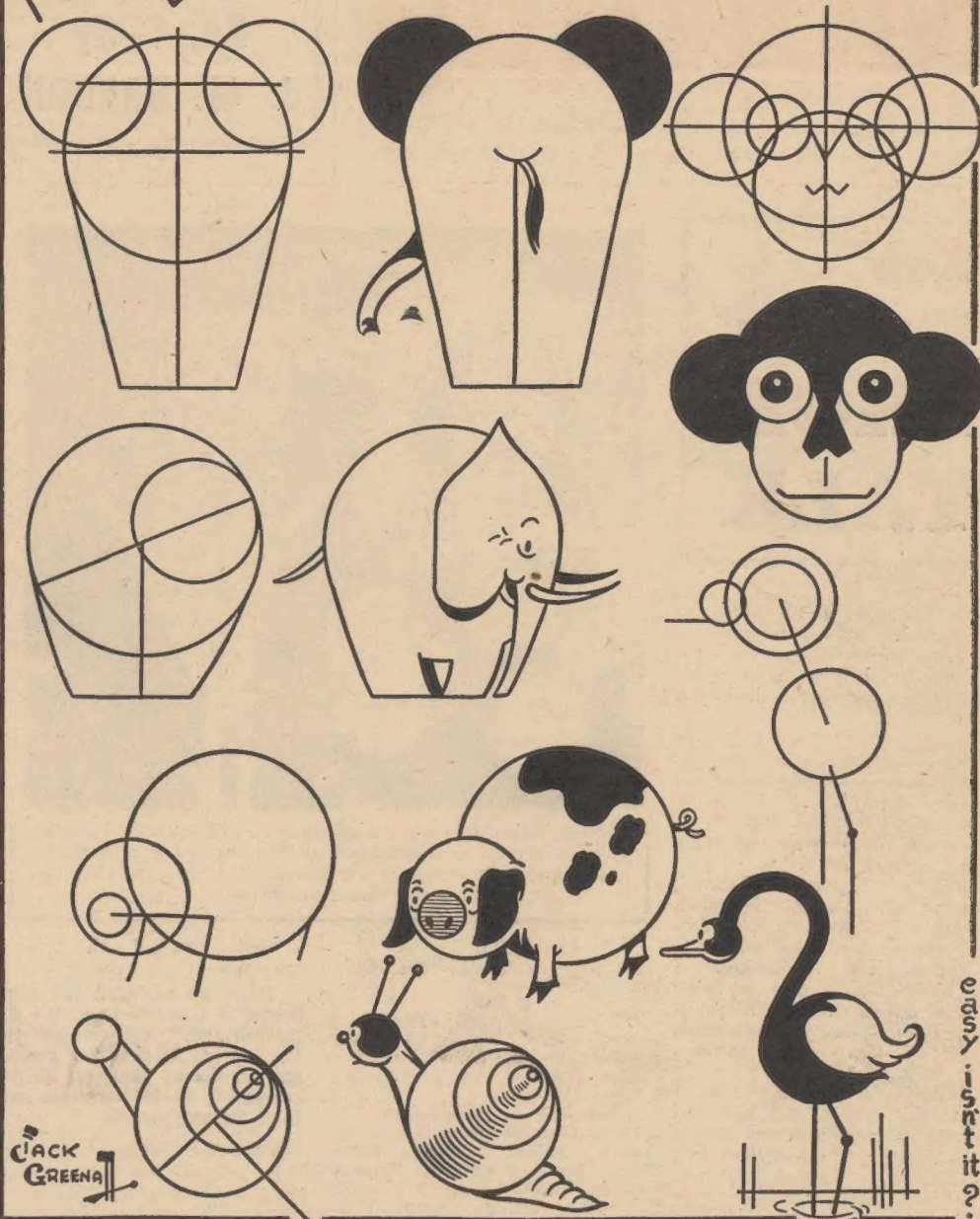
Finally, he paused half-way, cooked a dish on a spirit stove and lowered it to a steamer battling with the current below!

Later, others walked across Niagara, but the best variations, such as lying on the back in the middle or hanging head downwards from the rope, could not approach Blondin's feats. An Italian woman tight-rope walker crossed with baskets on her feet.

ROUNDING 'EM UP!

The circles go round and round and the results show up here!

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DRAW WITH JACK GREENALL. ROUNDING 'EM UP.—Practically all sketches on this plate are based on the circle. As before, draw the diagram accompanying the sketch you're drawing first. Keep on practising till you're perfect.

## Salutations

MUSSOLINI'S "Please teacher!" salute, and the crooked arm greeting that goes with the crooked cross of Hitler's Germany, will soon vanish from Europe.

They will join curiosities of salutation that once existed in various parts of the world.

In the Philippines it was once the custom when meeting a pal to bow low, place your hands on your cheeks, and raise one foot in the air with the knee bent.

If by that time you had not fallen flat on your face, he took it you thought it would be a fine day.

Negro kings on the African coast used to say "Good morning" by snapping their middle fingers. And in Otaheite, in the Pacific as in Lapland, people rubbed noses together when they met.

In Tibet they used to put out their tongues to greet each other.

Before the Italians introduced "civilisation" into Abyssinia by means of poison gas, an Ethiopian welcoming a friend would take the other chap's robe and tie it round himself, leaving the man standing in his short pants. But in these days what with the coupon shortage.

In New Guinea they placed leaves on their heads. In Japan they took off one slipper. In Cairo, the native's usual greeting to an acquaintance was to ask "How do you sweat?" (And don't they!)

In some parts of China they even now say "Ya fan?"—"Have you eaten your rice?" (No, the kiddies wouldn't like to live in China.)

# THAT "WITCHING" HOUR

By D. N. K. BAGNALL

IN those good old days when one-seater broomsticks were the only things that flew by night, and any bent old dame with a hook nose qualified involuntarily for a witch (and it was surprising how polite people were to her), they had all kinds of wheezes for warding off the evil eye.

Recipes for avoiding or

neutralising spells which would kill your cows, burn your ricks, give you a fever, or turn your beer sour, were as popular as Freddie Grise-

wood's talks on the Kitchen Front.

"Take a small, smooth limestone, picked up on the beach, with its edges rubbed down by friction and the continual action of the sea, and with a natural hole in it..." starts one health hint.

When you have let the moon shine on it at midnight and got Uncle Albert to spit on it, you tied it to the key of a house, warehouse, barn, stable, dovecot, garden shed, dog kennel—or, for that matter, any other building.

If you thought you might meet a witch you carried the thing in your pocket, but more usually you hung it up in the house.

Sailors (the merry old tars!) nailed horseshoes to the foremast (a practice not encouraged now), and jockeys nailed them to stable doors. But to be effective they had to be found by chance.

A hare's foot in the pocket was a good thing if you came across a witch in the street, but if you had no anti-witch devices about you, you could clench each hand with the thumbs held tightly in the palms.

And the old bi—I mean witch, would mumble her vindictive gums in baffled rage.

Nobody with any sense went outdoors before breakfast without having a bite of bread or cake, when there was a witch in the locality, and you felt all the safer for a thick white curtain hung inside the window.

This was infallible against her casting her evil eye into the room (it also prevented the neighbours from seeing you kiss Mary by the fireside).

If you could get a few drops of the old hag's blood you were quids in. It would clear you of all danger of her "secret, black and baneful workings." How you went about it isn't revealed. Sticking a pin in her when she wasn't looking would seem to be the best bet. But she might notice this. If she did she would probably have shrivelled you with curses that, after settling your hash, carried on to blast two hayfields and a couple of cows three miles away.

Well, anyway, she would be very indignant, and you might not be able to collect.

There were dozens of dodges like these, and all sworn to be the goods. There were communal efforts, too. Thus, burning a stook or two of straw or a pile of beanstalks after nar-

vesting a field was a dead cert for preventing the local crone from causing carts to overturn, horses to be lamed, farm workers to be injured, and for generally bringing success to the farmer.

It all sounds a bit silly. But you've got to remember that in those days—any time up to the beginning of the last century—witches were believed in, and admitted their evil arts.

When two women were on trial for witchcraft at Lincoln in 1618, they willingly agreed that they had prevented Lord and Lady Rutland from having any more children by stealing feathers from their connubial bed and boiling them in blood.

They had also, they said, brought illness on the heir to the title by pricking his glove and boiling it.

Both women admitted they had familiar spirits "which came and sucked them at various parts of their bodies."

They were burnt at the stake—a fate shared by many other misguided or misjudged old women. They thought themselves lucky when they were only ducked in the mill-pond.

Well, witchcraft is dead. But do you still cross your fingers for luck?



"Thirteen hundred men on board, and I have to get stuck with the saxophone player!"



# Boat-builder Becomes Film Star



NOT since the advent of Jennifer Jones in "The Song of Bernadette," have American newspapers and magazines devoted so much space to a single film "find" as they have to Gregory Peck, virtual newcomer, who plays the leading role in "The Keys of the Kingdom," 20th Century-Fox film of A. J. Cronin's famous novel.

Two and a half inches over six feet tall, with wavy black hair and brown eyes, Peck is just what he seems on the screen—a shy, fun-loving individual with an infectious grin.

Born in La Jolla, California, just on 29 years ago, his original ambition was to become a boat-builder. He did actually design, construct and launch a boat of his own, but it foundered two days later, and Peck abandoned the hobby.

The doctor who had treated his blistered hands during the boat-building episode became one of Peck's best friends, and he decided on a medical career. During his time at the University he was active in sports—especially in sailing, rowing, punting and boating in general. A spinal injury put an end to his athletic activities, and Peck turned to amateur theatricals. As has so often happened before, the young medical student was "caught" by the lure of the footlights, and forthwith forsook the operating theatre for the dramatic one.

In 1939 he set out to conquer Broadway, armed with a single letter of introduction to a business friend of his father's. He was keen and good-looking, and the business man gave him a job—as "barker" at a concession in the New York World's Fair.

At the end of a month Peck's voice went on strike, and he got a new job, as a guide in the famous Radio City. Six weeks of "guiding" and his feet went on strike! But meanwhile he had won a scholarship at the Playhouse School of Dramatics. He worked there for two years, then won another award, this time from the Barter Theatre, Abingdon, Virginia.

At the Barter Theatre Peck played every conceivable type of role, until he was finally spotted and put under contract by Guthrie McClintic. He was given a small part in "The Doctor's Dilemma," which toured all over the States and ended in San Francisco. Following another tour, McClintic gave Peck the leading role in Emlyn Williams' "Morning Star," on Broadway!

In that, and subsequent plays, Gregory Peck won rave after rave from the critics. Hollywood, ever on the look-out for new talent, began to make him tempting offers. He finally accepted an offer from Casey Robinson, an old friend, to star in "Days of Glory." But other film producers were persuasive, too, and he finally signed four contracts with as many studios, committing himself to twelve pictures!

During the next four years he will make four films for 20th Century-Fox, four for Casey Robinson, two for David O. Selznick, and two for R.K.O. Radio.

"The Keys of the Kingdom," in which he plays the role of Father Chisholm, is his first for 20th Century-Fox. In it, he covers an age scope from 19 to 70 years. He co-stars with Thomas Mitchell, Vincent Price, Roddy McDowall, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, James Gleason, Anne Revere, Benson Fong, Rosa Stradner, Edmund Gwenn, and many others.

Produced by Joseph L. Mankiewicz and directed by John M. Stahl, "The Keys of the Kingdom" is one of the several "super" films which 20th Century-Fox plans to release this year.

## Dick Gordon

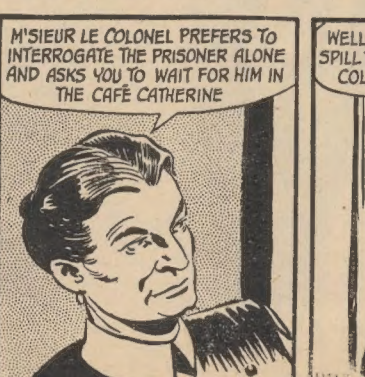
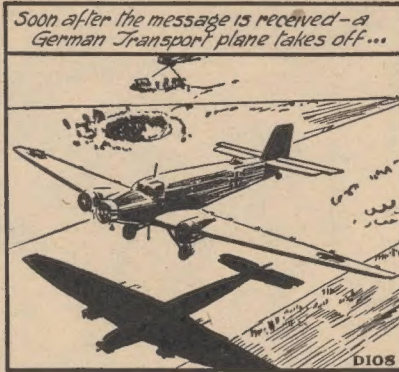
**ALEX CRACK**

The notice, "Boy Wanted," was displayed in the window, and Jimmy Jones, after gazing at it thoughtfully for a minute or two, stepped into the shop.

"What kind of boy is it you want?" he asked the owner.

"Oh, a decent sort of lad—one who is quick and willing, one who won't laze about with a cigarette between his lips, and whistles, one who knows his manners, one who——"

"Garn!" he cried. "You don't want a boy at all. You want a girl."





Good Morning



A general view of the market. The housewife who stands in a queue outside the fishmonger's will hardly believe it, but there's actually fish in those boxes!

# Billingsgate



Just take a gander at that hat! It's the ideal shape if you want to walk around with boxes on your head.



We are informed on the highest authority that this is a fish. It's so long since we've seen any that we wouldn't know!

THIS Thames-side district hard by London Bridge has been famous as a fish market since somewhere way back in the sixth or seventh century, and no one could estimate the millions of tons of fish that have passed through the place since that time.

The hard-swearing old cod wives and women porters who disappeared with the old Billingsgate Dock in Victorian times, were responsible for the market getting a reputation for bad language.

Even as recently as 1938 there was an outcry against the alleged swearing of the fish porters, and the market was frequently described as being "no place for a woman."

The porters were hotly defended by their employers, and inquiries proved that they

were no more addicted to swearing than their fellow-men in other walks of life. The reputation still sticks, however, and the standard dictionary to this day gives the meaning of the word "billingsgate" as "foul language."

Not only was the language said to be slightly soiled, but even the money used in the market quickly became so soiled with fish scales, freezing salt and mud, to say nothing of herring roe and ice crumbs, that bags of silver handed in to the Eastcheap Bank corroded and turned green.

Then they decided to wash the money in a stewing pan, and each day an assistant and his staff would start out to remove all signs of Billingsgate from the coins.

The job was a success, and after the process with the drying powder, the bank would pass out some of the brightest coins in London. Notes, however, were sent on to the Bank of England, and most of those covered with the grime of the market were destroyed.

Yes, Billingsgate is a colourful place, and when peace comes and the market returns to its pre-war state, we may again see the Billingsgate Market sports, when stalwart porters race for a mile carrying a hundredweight of sand.

DEREK HEBENTON.



Unpacking a box of cod. The fish is filleted at the quayside and is ready for dispatch to the retail shops.



Judging the catch at Billingsgate. These experts certainly know their fish. Unlike us, who only know it's something you buy with three-pennorth of chips!



"C'mon, what's wrong with it." Keen bartering goes on at every important purchase. Here is a "fish and chip" proprietor buying a consignment of haddock for the evening's frying.

## OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

